

# THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. III.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

NO. 154.

## LOVE AFTER DEATH.

[From Temple Bar.]

I should die before you, love,  
I pray you do not keep  
Your woe beyond the first few tears  
The world will have you weep;  
But say: "I make his heaven less  
By meaning thus in diversities."

And plant my violet, white and blue,  
Above my peaceful resting place,  
And lend them with those dear, kind hands  
I have so oft caressed;

And say: "These flowers were her last will  
And for his sake I watch them still."

And when the spring that I so loved  
Should flush the land with life,  
I pray you seek my quiet grave,  
And with tears, sweet wife;

And, if the powers in Heaven shall let me,  
Say: "Lo! he sends his love to me."

## Lily's Decision.

The four of them were as unlike as could well be imagined, and, as they sat in earnest converse in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor, they represented of vastly different styles and characteristics. Mrs. Dalzell, pale, faded, wistful, and wearied-looking, and looking so perfectly the proud lady she had always been—proud, despite the plainness of her little house and the shabbiness of her widow's weeds.

Miriam Dalzell, her eldest daughter, as beautiful as a dream, with her exquisite Greek features and a complexion like unsmoked snow, with her magnificent black eyes that always were beautiful, whether languid and dreamy or haughtily questioning with her wealth of blue-black hair that crowned her like a coronet.

She had always been regarded as a beauty, and had always been the reigning belle in the town where they lived; but now, when Mr. Dalzell's death had been the cause of their being obliged to leave their pleasant home and occupy a suite of apartments, when they suddenly discovered that, instead of a large, ample income, they would be obliged to use the closest economy to all managers on the pitiable little sum that was left them—then Miriam's bellezza fled from her and took her beauty, her grace, her high-toned, elegant taste, and her hauteur with her into an obscurity that was agonizing to be endured.

Then, sitting a little apart from either mother or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child—Lily, unlike her sister as it was possible for her to be, unless was excepted the vein of pride that ran in all the Dalzells, but which in Lily's case was of a different quality than Miriam's, a quality that, while in Miriam it made her excessively haughty, exclusive, refined and vain, in Lily was dignity, strict womanly truthfulness and elevation of manners.

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty; she was too slight, too petite.

She was neither blonde nor brunette, therefore was not noticeable for personal characteristics.

Her complexion was fair and soft as rose petals, her eyes were tenderly gray, intelligent, amiable and frank in their expression, and her hair was of chestnut brown; but her mouth was exquisite—so girlishly lovely, with its proudly curved lips, red as a spray of moistened coral, with even, milk-white teeth showing becomingly when she laughed, and with a distracting dimple in her left cheek.

The fourth of this quartet was Mrs. Dalzell's brother, Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Courtney Dalzell, and who never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life until, when Mr. Dalzell died, he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her children.

Then, knowing her brother was very rich and perfectly able to do great things for either of her girls—or both, for that matter—Mrs. Dalzell had written accepting his offer, with large hopes based on his coming. And he had come and seen to the settlement of his brother-in-law's affairs, and, now that the widow and her two daughters were settled down in their comfortable, plain, little suit of rooms, and Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day, the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself.

"And now, Hiram, what about the girls?"

"Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerable, and I've come to three conclusions, any one of which I will agree to put into effect."

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart thrashed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Hiram went on:

"Of course I take it that you girls between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further unfeeling by troops. Miriam, you endorse that?"

And Miriam, with magnificient visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assumed, in her lovely, graceful way,

"Good. Now, first of my suggestions is that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—serves woman in one of your first-class establishments."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Miriam's feet she could have been hardly less startled.

"I go behind a counter and sell—goods! Oh, indeed!"

Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully.

"And why not—you?"

Miriam looked at her mother, who compressed her lips—perhaps partly from a good intention to keep down her indignation that such an offer should be made to her queenly, beautiful daughter.

who had never done a day's work in her life—perhaps because of her offended pride.

"I hardly think Miriam suited to such occupation," Hiram. She has been brought up like a lady, you must remember."

"Oh, uncle, it's just like fairy-land, isn't it?"

Hiram frowned.

"Then I am to understand that your theory is that to earn one's living decently and honestly is to be—no, I don't say 'to be'—but to be."

Mrs. Dalzell fluttered her pale, thin hands as if torn by her conflicting desires to maintain her dignity and yet not offend this rich brother of hers, who might do such glorious things if he only would.

"I really think you should not blame Miriam, Hiram. You must remember she has been educated with a view of something better in life than the drudgery of working for wages, her manner and appearance protest against it."

Hiram gave almost a growl, so emphatically he aspirated "humph!"

"Then I am very sure she wouldn't do at all for the other two positions I have in mind—neither of which are so tempting to the average female mind as waiting in a shop. Lily, my dear, I think I had better direct my suggestions to you."

Lily laid down a strip of ruffing her fat fingers were hemming, and drew her low haesock nearer her uncle's knees, and listened for what he should propose.

He looked at her kindly, almost tenderly—this little niece who was so like the Wingates that it was difficult for him to realize that she was a Dalzell, and who had somehow—taken the hold on his affections that Miriam had so desired for herself—that Lily herself had no idea she had accomplished.

"Well, little gray-eyes, if you are not ashamed of earning your own living I can give you your choice of two situations. One is that of assistant forewoman in the factory on Edgehill street and the other—well, I suppose your sister and your mother will regard it as disgracefully menial—but, if you should ask my opinion, I should say it was the best offer of the three. It is that of a sort of companion and—well—asistant to an elderly lady."

Miriam gave a little refined cry of horror, Mrs. Dalzell held up her hands in dismay, while both spoke simultaneously.

"Hiram, how can you?"

Lily kept her bright eyes on his face. "Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the *latter* is the best position, and, if you tell me more about it, and think I could fill it, I will take it."

Hiram's face relaxed into a beaming smile.

"Sensible girl—I see there's Wingate stuff in you."

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy and her wages good. I know the old lady, and I'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily, what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence, or rubbing on as you've been doing?"

"I'll go gladly, uncle. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and, besides, only think how much help my wages will be here at home! I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing and her gray eyes deepened almost to black.

"You're the sort, Lily! Now, can you be up and off early in the morning, because, if you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you safe in your new place and introduce you to Mrs. Marion—that's her name."

Of course it was all settled that evening that Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it herself, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else after Hiram had gone to his hotel but bemoan Lily's want of pride and berate Mr. Wingate's disgusting stinginess.

"To think he should dare offer to put you in such positions when he himself sits in riches, the stony curmudgeon, if I must say it!"

And Miriam's beautiful eyes grew moist with tears as she echoed her mother's bitter invective.

"The idea of my standing behind Ferguson's counter!"

But Lily held her peace and packed her little trunk, and the next morning, bright and early, was off to her new unfried position.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage Hiram had taken for him after imposing himself on a wife, aristocratic-looking Avalanche.

Lily looked up at the rows of plate-glass windows hung with rich lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers inside them, at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of colored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of awe over her.

"Oh, uncle, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her—ever."

Hiram smiled encouragingly as he led her up the flight of stone steps.

"Received, Dat no freeman will submit to de yoke tyrann."

"You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titis, just show me into the reception-room, will, and tell your mistress we're here."

"Brudder Jones," replied the President, as he looked down upon him, "if you pay your rent, feed an' clothe your family, an' appear at church every other Sunday, de yoke of tyranny won't never hurt you any. When you're a man talkin' about yokes 'n' tyrants which she alone can explain."

Failed to Pass.

Givendam Jones suddenly arose at a meeting of the Lime Kiln-Club, and offered the following:

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It was a perfect little bijou of a room into which Lily was ushered—an octagonal room, with windows draped in

## THE OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

THE SEASON OF HOD AND FERULE.

THE WAY IN WHICH THEY USED TO TURN BOYS INTO A BOY'S BODY.

FROM THE BURLINGTON HAWKES.

"I see by a Media paper," the Jester remarked, "as the train sped away for Towanda, down in the State of Pennsylvania, "that Colonel Hyatt, President of the Pennsylvania military academy, was arrested on a charge of assault and battery because he whipped a student with a switch."

"Yes, I read about it," the fat passenger said.

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## HAPPY BABY SOOTHING SYRUP

180-182 Bottles Used

by the mothers of the United States during the year.

The "Happy Baby" is the only Soothing Syrup in the world which contains no opium or stimulating drugs, and can be used by children over one year old, for colds, sore throats, &c., &c. It relieves the nerves and gives the child rest and sleep. It soothes the nerves of both mother and child. If your doctor does not keep it, have him get it where he gets his medicine.

Also Prepared by WOMEN'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Boston, N. E., and sold by Druggists.

**For Sale by G. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass.**

## MEREDITH MATTERS.

The phone company has installed a new system.

G. V. Purcell, of Concord, has been born.

Mr. J. S. Ogord's house has been painted.

G. W. Morrison has a new boat for sale.

Mr. S. C. Stetson is going to build a summer house on Waukewan Street.

C. F. Merrill, a friend, of Danvers, Mass., has been here.

Miss Carrie Hedges is learning to telegraph.

The postal budgeting is to be postponed.

Samuel Blanchard, Jr., is having his house enlarged by Hollis & Edwards.

John Gordon has been visiting his brother, H. H. Gordon.

The second annual ball of the Sigma Lake Waters occurred last night.

Miss Dora Campbell, at the Sigma Lake House, is reported sick.

James Grafton is junior at the school house.

There was a band concert last Friday evening on Main street.

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John Gordon has been visiting his brother, H. H. Gordon.

N. E. Wadsworth is repairing his mill and preparing against ice.

J. Stephen, of Montreal, has been here lately.

Dr. Purcell, of Concord, will deliver the Domesday Book lecture here.

Frank Davis is going to build a house on Waukewan Street.

C. F. Merrill, etc., will build a house on Waukewan Street.

Some of Old Folks attended the State Fair, and the new steamship was there.

Miss Mary A. Craig is from Boston.

Mr. Reynolds is going to have his shop ready for business.

John Davis is in to see Mr. Wadsworth.

N. E. Wadsworth is repairing his mill and preparing against ice.

John Davis is in to see Mr. Wadsworth.

The new street lamp has been bought.

A. E. Davis' house is being finished off by A. E. and T. D. Davis.

Plymouth playing has been indulged in a little.

John Mason's wood shed is being repaired.

Mrs. Dr. Rogers has gone to Concord for a few days.

W. R. Bruchett's home has been sold to H. B. Marden.

Mr. Lorenzo Shaw of Maine has been here for a few days.

Read Rogers, Smith & Co.'s large new ad on the first page.

New 5 and 10 cent coins continually received at Burrows'.

The Penitentiary House is undergoing its annual spring cleaning.

Mr. Frank Stevens and family have gone to Sandwich for a short time.

Ebenezer Sawyer of Woodstock is once more working for Sherman Woodbury.

Miss Edith and Addie Kimball have gone to Meriden Village for a short time.

The Linton concert band will play here and at Lancaster, and Campton, December Day.

A small upright engine came Wednesday night for O. G. Smith from the New England Mfg. Co.

One share of Plymouth telephone stock for sale, Box 249, Plymouth, N. H.

Mr. Charles Russell of Woodstock stopped here a few days ago, on his way home from a visit to his mother in Rumney.

May flowers are getting to be quite numerous.

Mr. Davis' house is being finished off by A. E. and T. D. Davis.

J. S. Davis is in to see Mr. Wadsworth.

The new street lamp has been bought.

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